

Radical Noise, September Notes

I yield my every gout to the ocean
I ran 'till I die to face the forgotten
I've never been pollen waiting for a bee
I've never been an ink drop dispersing in water

With every fall, I got risen
I go through three; I've got lost in one
I've never been strong enough to hold the roots of a tree
Stolen life!

My fear darkens me while I laugh
I've learned being ownerless when I own
I've never wanted to be slower than the time
Or a snowflake resisting the spring sun

With every fall, I got risen
I go through three; I've got lost in one
I died with every planting flower and I couldn't stop it
Stolen life!